

CHICAGO'S BOMB MYSTERIES

By SAMUEL H. PIERCE



ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE SCHUETTLER

continued. They were as a red flag to the bomb-thrower. Every time one of them was issued the loud voice of a bomb would answer: "Here is one," and the shattered remains of roulette wheels, poker tables smashed to splinters, cards, chips and other gambling paraphernalia strewn throughout the wreckage of the building gave bountiful evidence that the bomb spoke truly.

The explosions are always in the nighttime, when few people are on the streets, and in every way the bomb-thrower seems to use exceeding care to avoid inflicting personal injury. Despite these precautions, however, the hospital lists of the

"Who controls gambling in Chicago? A combination controlled by one man, who caused No. 31 to be touched off, who has monopolized the hand-book game and put out of business hundreds of men that have been in the business all their lives. Can you blame them for throwing bombs?"

"One man has leased the service wire and has whipped every one into line, so that if you don't send your bets to him you can get no service, and if you try to run independent the 'dicks' raid your place, while his places run unmolested. In other words—do business with that man or quit. Can you blame the people he put out of business? When that combination is broken up the bombs will cease, and not until then."

"FROM ONE WHO KNOWS."

"P. S.—The next one that cackles, that man will hear personally."

The Chicago outrages are not confined to bomb-throwing, but include incendiary fires, wrecking by improvised battering-rams, cutting of telephone cables and numerous other acts of vandalism. They began with the blowing up of the residence of John Hill, Jr., at the time he was fighting racetrack gambling around Chicago, and resulted in putting out of business all the racetracks, many of the grandstands having been burned to the ground. The Chicago Telephone Company, which furnishes wires to the Tennes syndicate of poolrooms,



FRED A. BUSSE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO

Through the four-story building at No. 111 Madison street the explosion swept like wind, the force taking everything before it. The headquarters of "Mont" Tennes, king of the gambling clique that is now in power, was on the second floor of this building, just above the place where the fuse had been ignited.

This was Tennes' clearing house and the place from which all his syndicate business was conducted. During the administration of Mayor Dunne, Tennes had been forced to move out, but after the election of Mayor Busse he moved back again and established a clearing house close to his old quarters, where he previously had a system of spies and guards who defied the police.

And in all the series of outrages no arrests were made until the state of Illinois came to the city's aid. The United States government also has taken a hand.

The few arrests that have been made all came to nothing. Those made by the police seem to have been purely superficial.

Who is the mysterious bomb thrower? This is the question of the hour in Chicago.

Some say he is a fanatic reformer who has adopted



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF BOMB 29



WRECK OF A SALOON

"H"ELLO! Is this the City Press association of Chicago? Well, I've just touched off another one at No. 261 Wabash avenue. There's a gambling place on the fourth floor there. Listen, and you'll hear the building go up, about ten minutes from now."

Boom! went the explosion, on time to the very minute—so close to the time the newspaper men received the telephone message as to prove that the mysterious dynamite had worked with a time fuse. The building, a five story brick, at the precise address given, was almost entirely wrecked. As usual, the police denied that any gambling had been going on there, but a bridge whistle layout in one room, a lot of racing "dope" and all that goes to equip a poolroom and bookmaking establishment in another—all this on the fatal fourth floor—proved that the bomb-planter's tip was reliable, as it had been scores of times before.

The above reads like the opening of a first-class mystery story, or Conan Doyle detective novelette, does it not? But it is no such thing. On the contrary, it is the literal and serious transcript of an almost every day incident of real life in Chicago since the bomb-throwing reign of terror began, now two years ago.

More bombs have been exploded in Chicago during these two years of Mayor Busse's administration than in ten years of St. Petersburg and Moscow combined.

Yet the bomb-thrower still goes free. Nobody has ever been convicted of any of these dynamite outrages, now numbering nearly a hundred. Not a single arrest was made until the state authorities took the matter. Three men were rounded up on suspicion, and released upon their readily establishing alibis.

The blasts are attended with greater property loss than were caused by the anarchist riots in 1886, or in the times when Lucy Parsons and the other radical agitators were said to hold secret sway. Five hundred buildings have been wrecked by 33 large dynamite bombs, the first of which was exploded soon after Mayor Busse took office and the word went out that Chicago was to be an open town. Great gaps have been torn through the brick and stone walls in the loop district—the heart of the city—by the terrific force of the explosions, and streets spattered with brick, stones, glass and timbers hurled from the bombarded buildings are becoming common sights in the western metropolis. Scores of people have been seriously, some fatally injured. Many more are nervous wrecks.

The great significant fact is that nearly all of these bombs have been aimed directly at gambling houses or at property owned by or closely associated with notorious gamblers or gambling institutions. Many gambling halls have been blown up with dynamite, and many more have gone out of business through fear that the bomb's lightning might strike them next.

There is not a district of the city that has not known the destructiveness of the explosions. There is scarcely an inhabitant of Chicago who is not familiar with the loud, hard, reverberating detonation peculiar to the explosion of a dynamite bomb.

On the night following the day on which Chicagoans read of the anniversary celebration in Rome of the Haymarket riots in Chicago, a bomb was exploded and another gambling house was blown to perdition, with great destruction of surrounding property.

It used to be that the mayor and the chief of police would give out statements to the effect that there was not a gambling house running within the city limits of Chicago. But these statements have been entirely dis-

"Injured by bomb explosions" are assuming formidable proportions, and one or two deaths may result from the injuries thus far inflicted. More than 100 persons were injured in the explosion in the rear of the Tittle and Trust building, one perhaps fatally. Eight suffered serious injuries from the blowing up of the Manning & Bowers saloon and gambling house at 321 State street.

Probably the most remarkable feature of the outrages is the daring displayed by the bomb-thrower. He sends the newspapers warnings and comments on the explosions; he makes a practice of telephoning the City Press association, a news-gathering agency maintained by the different Chicago newspapers, giving notice that fuses have been lit and telling the place where a bomb is about to explode. His method of calling up the newspapers to tip off his explosions and his anonymous letters giving the careful details of his plans, serve as drum and cymbals to advertise the helplessness of the police and to spread consternation throughout the present administration, from the mayor down. The letters are all written in the same handwriting, and never yet have his tips failed to prove true.

In one of the latest of these tips the bomb-thrower promises a "double-header" for the next explosion. He says:

"The next one will be a double-header, and will be close enough for the chief and his boss to see it. They know where the layouts are, and it will be dead easy for them to guess where the next noises are coming from. Many more to follow unless the solid lid is put on. The gang must close—double dose next. Some poor bartender may get pinched for the job, but wrong one again. Will have him in shape."

This note was received the day after the police had promised to have the bomb-thrower captured in the next 24 hours. It was written on a postal card. On the address side of the postal this derisive statement appeared:

"Why don't Shipley hire some tin stars from Indianapolis?"

This letter is in direct line with another which ran:

"It is highly amusing and ridiculous to see by the different papers that 'touch' No. 31 was caused by labor troubles. Did labor troubles cause the other 30 'touches'? Were the places touched off scenes of labor strikes, or owned by people antagonistic to labor unions? Look at the list. Where is the big clearing-house? Do the papers know? Is it near the scene of No. 31?"

After No. 31
The next will be a double header and will be close enough for the chief and his boss to see it. They know where the layouts are, and it will be dead easy for them to guess where the next noises are coming from. Many more to follow unless the solid lid is put on. The gang must close—double dose next. Some poor bartender may get pinched for the job, but wrong one again. Will have him in shape."

POST CARD SENT BY THE DYNAMITER.

ordinance for the suppression of vice in Chicago will be openly violated tomorrow night, through the political immunity enjoyed by Alderman John Coughlin (Bath-House John) and Alderman Michael Kenna (Hinky Dink), the two aldermen of the first ward, comprising Chicago's notorious "Red Light District." But for the enormous political pull enjoyed by these two aldermen, this bomb would have caused the suppression of the Coliseum orgy. As it was, however, 15,000 people, mostly gamblers and den-

izens of the underworld, women in tights and all manner of suggestive costumes, and men who own and frequent the first ward resorts, crowded to the great building and drank and caroused all night. Daylight revealed a scene of drunken men and frazzled women lying about on floors strewn with champagne bottles and fragments of costumes, wigs and ornaments torn away in the wild revels of the night.

It was the explosion at State and Congress streets, known as Touch No. 20, partially wrecking the recruiting station, which started the government forces on the track of the dynamiter. This explosion was in a hotel district; men and women came rushing from their rooms in the Auditorium and Annex, the Elk hotel and the five or six other hostilities of lesser fame in the immediate vicinity. On the southeast corner of State and Congress streets, and on the opposite side of Congress street, the plate glass windows in the store of Siegel, Cooper & Company were shattered.

Two days later, while the police were still searching for the thrower of bomb No. 20, bomb No. 31 exploded in the heart of the downtown district, wrecked the rear of the Chicago Title & Trust building, a skyscraper at No. 100 Washington street, and damaged every structure in the block bounded by Washington, Clark, Madison and Dearborn streets, and also the Boston street, which is bounded by Madison, Dearborn and State streets. This explosion took place on Sunday night at 11:20 o'clock. It was louder and sharper than a thunderbolt, and was heard all over the loop district. Pedestrians were showered with glass, which came pouring down from the windows of the buildings for blocks around, and men, women and children were hurled to the ground.

Almost before the building had ceased rocking under the strain 100 girls in the exchange directly over the wrecked part, cut and bleeding from flying glass, ran through the clouds of smoke and soot toward exits. Many of the girls fainted. Some had to be carried from the building. This bomb is said to have contained at least 25 pounds of dynamite.

The blast came from a manhole over a conduit in Calhoun place, familiarly known as "Gamblers' alley." It is in the rear of the four-story annex of the Chicago Title & Trust Company. Here the "Central" and "Randolph" exchanges of the Chicago Telephone Company are located.

Fifty cables, lying in the telephone company's wrecked conduit, were stripped, broken and twisted into knots, with the result that 25,000 telephones in the downtown district were put out of business.

GILA MONSTER NOT HARMFUL

Experiment Proves That Bite of Desert Lizard Is Not Necessarily Fatal.

The other day I came across a fine, large Gila monster (Heloderma suspectum) waddling along a dusty trail, noosed it with a piece of string and carried it to camp. "You want to be careful how you handle them things,"

Sonora warned me. "Many a fellow has died by being bit by 'em." I asked for particulars, names of the victims, dates and places of their untimely demise, writes J. W. Schulte in Forest and Stream. "Well, I myself never seen any one bit by 'em," he answered, "but I've heard of 'em plenty. Any Mexican will tell you that their bite kills."

I used an old washtub for a pen for

my lizards and that evening when Enders' chickens went to roost I captured a lean and venerable rooster for an experiment I had in view. In the morning, grasping the bird by the legs, I thrust it time and again head first against the head of the monster, but the latter only shrunk back and sluggishly attempted to turn tail to the attacks. I goaded it with a stick, even switched it with a willow cutting, but nothing I did aroused its ire. Finally I killed the Heloderma, made an incision in the rooster's thigh and

inoculated it with the well mixed blood, saliva and fluid from the former's mouth, throat and upper and lower jaw.

"I'll bet that rooster'll be dead in an hour!" exclaimed Sonora, who was assisting in the experiment.

"I don't know about an hour, but I'll bet he'll be dead before night," Old Timer offered.

Three days have elapsed and except for a slight lameness the rooster has shown no effect of the ordeal. At this moment he is scratching around at

the head of his harem and crowing as nonchalantly as ever he did. I have concluded that the Gila monster has no poison glands. Portions of unswallowed food may and doubtless do ferment in its mouth at times, and thus a person bitten by one may be poisoned.

Tombstone Mortality.

Nobody ever dies in Tombstone unless they bring it "with 'em" or fall into a 600-foot vertical shaft or buy an automobile or "saw" their mother.

In-law or try to thaw out powder or mistake cyanide of potassium for sugar or start off a county seat removal racket. Some died of old age, some old partners of Daniel Boone, but none has ever been known to die from physical irregularities contracted in Tombstone, aside from the above mentioned causes, and occasionally an abnormal tightness about the throat, superinduced by a coil of maul rope, or from a cold caught through a hole made by a 45.—Tombstone (Ariz.) Epitaph.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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—If your little boy or girl is delicate and sickly—go to the nearest druggist and get a bottle of

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This splendid tonic has been successful for four generations in making sickly children strong and healthy, and effectively expelling worms.

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Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant is the most reliable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Pleurisy.

WOULD GET WEALTH QUICKLY

Farmer Had Nothing But Contempt for the Moderation of the Street Magician.

A patent medicine salesman upon the streets of a small Maine village was giving a free sleight-of-hand performance in order to collect a crowd. Presently he took a handkerchief from his pocket, held it by one extreme corner, shook it, tossed it into the air, caught it in his hand and took from it a 25-cent piece.

"There," he remarked, "you see I take this quarter from the handkerchief, although you saw for yourself that the handkerchief was empty. I can get another this way," he added, and apparently plucked one from the air.

"Gosh!" an old farmer in the little audience muttered; "that feller must not keep much for money. If I could do a thing like that, you bet I wouldn't stick at quarters—I'd take a half dollar every time!"—Exchange.

OPENING OF CHEYENNE RIVER INDIAN RESERVATION.

The General Land Office at Washington has designated Le Beau and Aberdeen, So. Dak., on the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. as registration points.

There will be about 7000 quarter sections allotted to settlers.

Who May Secure a Homestead.

Under the homestead laws of the United States any person, male or female, who is not the owner of more than 160 acres of land in any state or territory, who is a native born citizen of the United States, or has been naturalized, or declared his intention to become a naturalized citizen of the United States (i. e., one who has taken out his first papers of citizenship), who is over the age of 21 years or the head of a family, may make a homestead entry of not exceeding 160 acres of any of the unoccupied public lands of the United States.

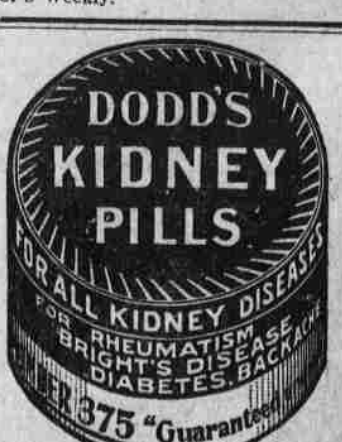
Consumptives Need Not Leave Home.

Consumption can be cured, or arrested, in any section of the United States, and the percentage of cures in the east and the west is nearly the same. Any physician, therefore, who sends a person to the southwest without sufficient funds, or in an advanced or dying stage of the disease, is guilty of cruelty to his patient. Renewed efforts are being made to stop this practice, and to encourage the building of small local hospitals in every city and town in the country. Attempts are also being made in Southern California and in Texas to exclude indigent consumptives or to send them back to the east.

Wasn't Settled.

Caller—Why is your servant going about the house with her hat on?

Mistress—She only came this morning and hasn't yet made up her mind whether she will stay or not.—Harper's Weekly.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Small Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.